

Maintaining the Tabernacle Towers

By Charles Nelson

Charley's best friend growing up was Jerry Beck. Jerry just recently died. Charley went everywhere with Jerry and his brother. Charley, a long lover of fishing caught his first fish on the Jordan River with Jerry and his brother and his dad Bert. Bert carefully showed Charley the best techniques of putting the worm on the hook and working the catfish just right. Charley says that catfish, although not very large, was the best catfish he ever tasted. His mother fried it up for him when he got home. Charley always loved fishing. He went with his father Ashley Nelson and he loved to go fishing with Ralph Wing. Ralph took him many times on his boat on the Strawberry Reservoir.

Jerry was the son of Bert Beck. While Bert loved to do recreation items most of his time was spent in service to others. He taught his children that this was very important and every time there was something that needed to be done, he would get his boys and Charley to go and do the needed deed.

Bert was on the Lehi Stake High Council and on many other civic and religious activities in the community. This gave him much responsibility and service that needed to be done. Jerry and his brother and Charley became assistants on most projects.

One of Charley's dreaded job was to help clean the towers of the Tabernacle. The Lehi Tabernacle had a dreaded pigeon population that left a massive collection of remnants of the population for mankind. Only this mankind was left to Bert, Jerry, and Charley to clean up.

Charley was scared of heights and it was a difficult task for him to climb the narrow revolving stairway that led to the towers. They would take gunny sacks and scoop shovels to obtain the pigeons remains. Charley said he could hardly work for the scare of looking out from those gothic towers to the view below. Many

would believe that it was a marvelous perch to view the happenings of Lehi, but not Charley.

The smell was also very repulsive. He had to not think about it so he wouldn't puke. He said many times he had the dry heaves as the smell overtook him. He shook and tried to not look or smell as he scooped the remains into the gunny sacks. Once full they would have to carry them back down the narrow stairway, Bert would get them another sack. He would not let them stop until the job was all done. Jerry would tell his dad that we needed to shoot all those pigeons. Bert made them clean until there was not a drop left and they would leave the pigeons in peace to provide them another job another day.

Bert taught his boys service and Jerry served his family, church and community until the day he died as his father Bert did before him.